

WDKY #4

FALL 1977

# UNCLE ALBERT'S SCIENCE FICTION FANZINE





UNCLE ALBERT'S SCIENCE FICTION FANZINE

We Don't Know Yet #4 - - -FALL 1977- - - price: 50¢ or the usual

contents

UNCLE ALBERT EXPLAINS .....	2
editorial by Uncle Albert	
VIDICON .....	5
column by Larry Tucker	
AUTOCLAVE .....	8
con report/loc by Joni Stopa	
A BEGINNERS GUIDE TO SLIME RATINGS .....	15
sercon by Dana Siegel	
FROM THE MIASMA .....	17
fanfic by John Thiel	
HAVE YOU LOOKED UNDER THE TOMATO SAUCE YET? .....	19
faan fiction by Ben Zuhl	
J.A.M. SESSION .....	23
book reviews by Jim Martin	
MYSTERY ONESHOT .....	26
fiasco by 4 faneds	
DEAR UNCLE ALBERT .....	27
locs	

illos

Randy Bathurst: 33, 34

Larry Tucker: front cover, 2, 5, 10, 11, 12, 13, 20, bacover

Bathurst & Tucker (pencilled by Randy, inked and otherwise altered  
by Larry): 3, 4, 16, 22, 28, 31

---

UNCLE ALBERT'S SCIENCE FICTION FANZINE alias WE DON'T KNOW YET #4  
is the official zine of Uncle Albert and is copyrighted © 1977  
by Lawrence K. Tucker for the contributors.

Address all locs to Uncle Albert c/o

Larry Tucker  
4883 Packard #C9  
Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104

# UNCLE ALBERT EXPLAINS...



I have been informed that my version of the history of Ann Arbor's zine was slightly inaccurate. In fact, some people have put it a little harsher than that ("But none of this is true!" Cap'n Ro at Autoclave).

Picky, picky. Well, so what if I made up some of it? So what if Phil Foglio (congrats on your Hugo, Phil) never misspelled Whiz-Bang? So what if that's not how the Stilyagi Air Corps got its name? So what if I neglected to mention that, in reality, Jim Martin married Ro, and Lin is just covering for them?

Y'see, what I was really trying to do was get somebody, anybody, even Ro to loc my zine. Unfortunately, it didn't work that way. For one thing, I have it on good authority that the postal and phone service between Ann Arbor and Cleveland has been abolished (actually, the word is that it's atrophied, but abolished sounds so much more official). In the second place, Tucker left me with all this ~~stinking~~ darn fanfic. I mean, I had to think of something else to pad out this crudzine with, didn't I?

Oh, I did eventually get a few locs, but some of you silly people out there still don't seem to know who's really in charge of this zine now. It's me! Uncle Albert! I just use Tucker's address to protect myself from letter bomb cranks. Even you few people who did address your letters properly still seem to have a problem keeping your faneds straight (and if you've ever bent your faned . . .).

I was going to launch myself into a long diatribe, griping and moaning about how unfair it is that I do all the work around here, slaving over a hot typewriter all day, while Tucker goes skipping around the midwest, getting egoboo 'n stuff all over himself. But I don't think I'm going to do that. Nor am I going to get involved in a long, pointless narrative about how Larry has been designated an official sex object by the League of Lecherous Ladies at four cons in a row. No sirree!

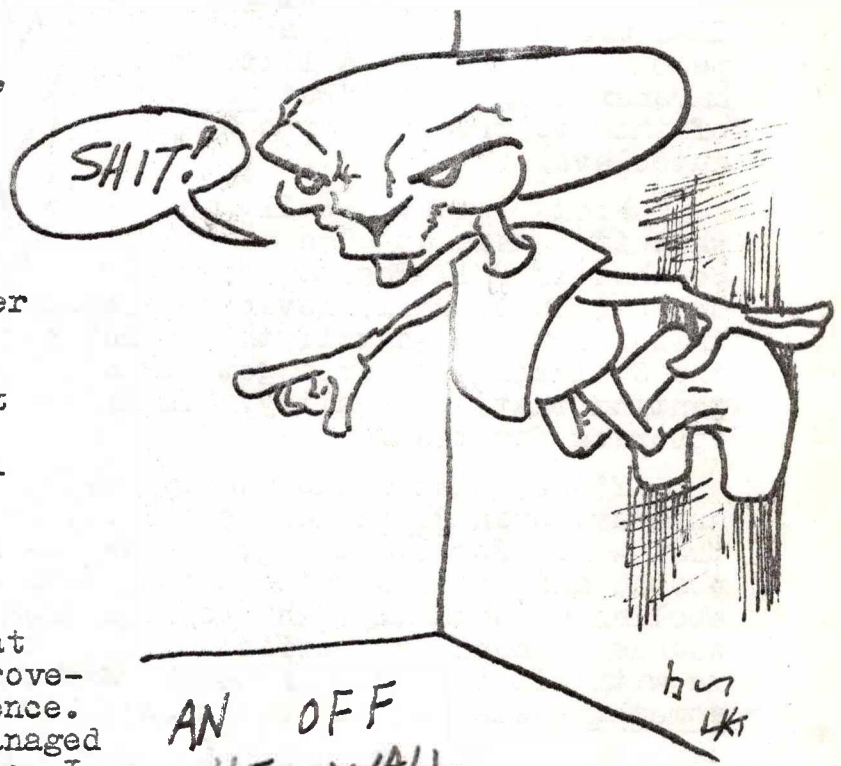


And I'm sorry, Mr. Thiel, but you're not going to hear the details of the Tucker hoax you warned Larry to look out for. Far be it from me to waste my time telling you how, at Hippotocon, where Bob Tucker was supposed to be the GoH, nephew Bob was unable to get to the con and Uncle Larry was designated the con's official Tucker. Nor will I tell you how Larry was made the official Tucker toastmaster at the Labor Day Wilcon, and he did the whole Tucker schtick with the few drops of Beam's Choice he had left over from Hippotocon. And I'm certainly not going to tell anybody about how he got to give out the Cugo Awards (cucumbers with tail-fins) with the enthusiastic assistance of Sarah Goodman (the Pat Cadigan stand-in) and Joni Stopa (who managed to stop Larry and Sarah from rolling under the table together after Sarah had walked out in her belly dancing outfit to hand over the sixth envelope).

Jealous? Me? Why, pshaw. Piffle! What in the world ever gave you that silly idea? Of course, if I don't start getting a little more attention and respect around here I'm ~~going to grab that sonof-a-bitch by the throat and~~ . . . well, I guess I'll learn to live with it. After all, we're all adults here, aren't we? We realize how these silly fads can get out of hand. Yes, but true beauty and intelligence will prevail, won't they?

Howsomever, I hereby present to you the second ish bearing my name. You will discover, I'm sure, that there have been certain improvements made in Tucker's absence. Yes, I'll admit that he's managed to sneak in a word or two when I wasn't looking but, for the most part, I am the person responsible for the greatly improved fanzine you see before you.

Incidentally, the bacover of this ish is dedicated to the pro GoH at Confusion Pi and depicts the place made famous in her 1977 Hugo Award winning novel. The front cover, of course, is just your typical street scene from Anytown, U.S.A.



AN OFF  
THE WALL  
COMMENT

h  
LKT

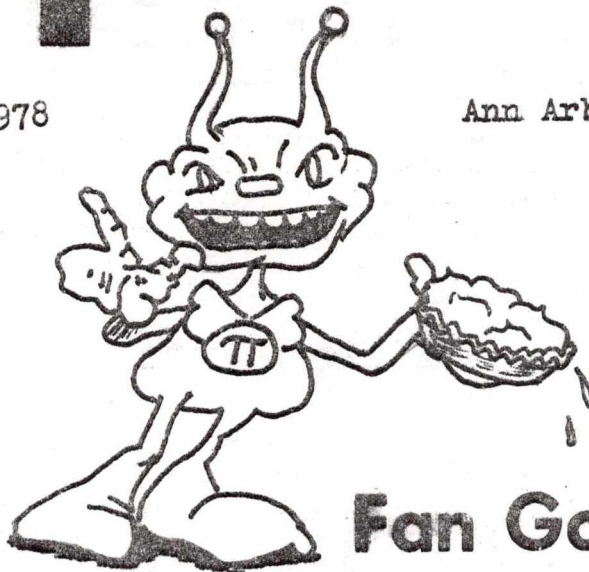


The A<sup>2</sup> Stilyagi Air Corps proudly presents. . .

# CONFUSION $\pi$

Jan. 13-15, 1978

Ann Arbor, Michigan



**Pro GoH:**

**Kate Wilhelm**

**Fan GoH:**

**Jackie Causgrove**

toastmaster: James A. Martin

"Panels, parties, speeches and sex all figure prominently at these cons." Uncle Albert

**MEMBERSHIP:** \$5 advance registration, \$7 after Dec. 25 and at the door. If you were pre-registered for Confusion 14 but were unable to attend, your Confusion  $\pi$  pre-registration fee will be \$4. Mail registration fees to Dave Innes, Confusion Registration, 3532 Terhune, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.

**BANQUET:** There will be a buffet style banquet. Banquet tickets will cost \$10.

**HOTEL:** Room rates are \$21 and \$27. For reservations, contact the Ann Arbor Inn, 100 S. Fourth Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48108.

**MASQUERADE PARTY:** There will be a Saturday night Masquerade Party featuring visual entertainment by the Illuminatus laser light show. Wear something you can party in. Prizes will be awarded by secretly appointed judges.

**ART SHOW:** Artists contact Tim Seefeld, 330 W. Davis, A<sup>2</sup>, Mi. 48103.

**HUCKSTERS:** Tables will cost \$12. Contact Larry Tucker, 4883 Packard, Apt. #C9, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.

For other info, contact Larry Tucker, Confusion Chairman, 4883 Packard #C9, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.



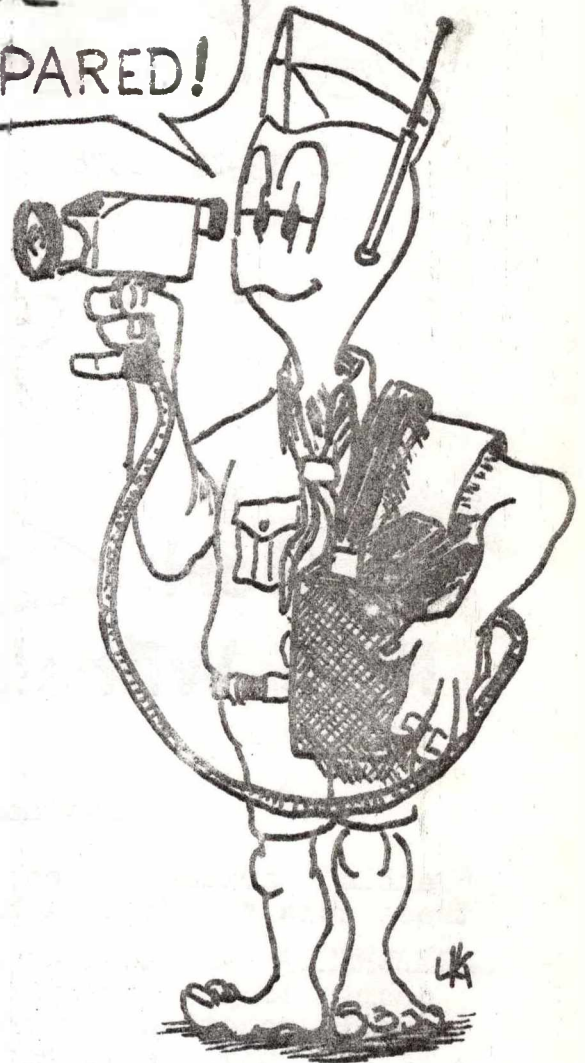
# VIDICON

## PART 3: BE PREPARED!

I've been receiving some favorable feedback on this series and even some promises for contributions. Until said contributions arrive (and I don't anticipate receiving them before the deadline for this ish) I'll just kick around a couple of things that have come up in recent conversations and correspondence.

A very important point to bear in mind is that it takes no small amount of preparation to adequately videotape a con. This message is addressed specifically to con chairmen. A lot of the video freaks I know may have access to equipment, but they do not own any. This is particularly true of the few video people I have met in fandom, including myself. For this reason, it is of the utmost importance to find out whether there is a video resource center in the town where the con is to be held. It is just not practical to transport anything but the most modest of video setups to an out-of-town or out-of-state con. The video crew must know not only the location of the resource center, but what kind of equipment is available, what kind of hours the center keeps and what the rental rates are. Some video people - me, in particular - will require even more info, such as getting access to the maintenance records of the equipment. It's also a very good idea to allow the video crew enough time to check out every piece of equipment they'll be using at the actual location where it is to be used.

Aside from insuring that all equipment and cables are in optimum operating condition, the video crew needs to know not only when, but where they will be taping, paying particular attention to lighting, background, acoustic peculiarities, placement of electrical outlets and total amps available per circuit. Video is real finicky about the amount of voltage required to operate the equipment efficiently. A loss of about two or three





volts is all it takes to make total gibberish out of the visual signal being recorded. The circuits have to be tested to insure that the line voltage is sufficient. If additional lights are needed, the video crew must insure that there is a separate circuit available just for that purpose. Flood lights will drain a circuit to the extent that the line voltage is not sufficient to operate a VTR deck properly.

Another crucial question that should be answered at the earliest possible date is who's going to pay for all this? and how much? Depending on the amount of taping to be done and the quality of the finished production, the cost for a video set-up may run anywhere from \$50 to close to a thousand dollars. Also bear in mind that an initial cost estimate may include only equipment rental, purchase of tape and hiring of extra personnel. Additional costs may be incurred in post-production work (i.e. editing, tape duplication and the like). Make sure that the video crew knows exactly how much money they'll be working with.

The items that I've outlined above are just a few of the things that have to be worked out between a con and a video crew. There are probably about a million other things that could conceivably come up in planning to tape at a con, but I won't even attempt to guess what some of these might be. The main thing I want to stress here is communication. Get in touch with your video resource people early and stay in touch.

Now here's a little note addressed to all you video and audio equipment operators. Have you ever used release forms? I've never run into any trouble not using them, but why take chances? Aside from there being sound legal reasons to use release forms, there is the added charm of making what you're doing out there in the audience with all that electronic paraphernalia seem more official and, hence, important to the participants. It also helps to answer the constantly recurring question, "What are you recording this for?" Printed below is an example of the Spare Change release form I am currently using.

I, \_\_\_\_\_, do hereby grant my permission for the subsequent showing of the video recording made of me on \_\_\_\_\_, 19\_\_\_\_, with the understanding that said video recording be used only for non-commercial purposes.

\_\_\_\_\_  
date

\_\_\_\_\_  
signed

\_\_\_\_\_  
witnessed

The provision concerning "non-commercial purposes" can be a particularly attractive aspect of this release form. A lot of the people you'll be taping at cons are professional writers and, therefore, are particularly aware of such things as copyrights and royalties clauses. An initial assurance that you do not intend to rip them off by making illicit copies of the recordings for commercial distribution is more than just a nice



gesture. When dealing with some of the really big name pro's, you might find that such assurance is quite necessary.

In the first installment of this column, appearing in WDKY #2, I used the phrase "video visionary". By way of example, I cited video artist Nam June Paik. There have been a lot of other pioneers in video, but their names probably wouldn't mean much to anyone but the most ardent of video freaks. That is, with one notable exception.

Just after the last VIDICON column was published, PBS started a ten part series composed of excerpts from the work of one of the most notorious video visionaries ever. The series was called "The Best of Ernie Kovacs". Virtually no one has seen Kovacs' video artistry since his show went off the air in the early 60's. Watching the old video and kinescope reproductions I realized how greatly I had been influenced by Ernie Kovacs. Many of the segments I have recorded during the last five years bear a striking resemblance to things that Kovacs was doing more than twenty years ago.

Kovacs was a pioneer in the use of certain types of electronic mixing, including keys, synchronous mixing of prerecorded and live segments, and video feedback. He was the first to make use of certain mechanical gimmicks, such as tilting entire sets to create apparently gravity defying effects. Ernie Kovacs was also the creator of the notorious, gorilla masked Nairchi Trio routine. In addition, he created the classic TV blackout skits and the bottomless bathtub routine, imitated years later on "Rowan and Martin's Laugh In".

The series has long since run its course but, fortunately, PBS is in the habit of showing lots of reruns. If you missed "The Best of Ernie Kovacs" the first time around, and certainly if you missed Kovacs when he was on network TV in the late 50's and early 60's, keep an eye out for this series. I can't recommend it too highly.

Preview of coming events: Once again, there will be a video playback area set up at Confusion (Jan. 13-15, 1978). The Spare Chaynge tape library will be on hand featuring, among other things, the videotapes made of the programming at last year's Confusion. In addition, we might have some of Scott Imes' tapes.

Also, the Science Fiction Oral History Association will have a Hospitality Room where you will be able to hear audio tapes recorded at other cons and sf dramatizations featuring the works of many of the best known sf authors.

See you at Confusion Pi.

- - - Larry Tucker



# AUTOCLAVE

Larry Tucker has lovely hair. I'd just love to play with it. As a matter of fact, Darling Midge and I did just that at Autoclave. He also has these beautiful blue eyes. I can't resist beautiful blue eyes.

Sunday at Rivercon, Larry says, "Lock me?" I told him that I was perfectly willing to except that we had already checked out. Though Ghu knows why he wanted to be locked into a vacant hotel room. He gave me a steady blue gaze and said, "Write me a letter of comment, not lock me in a deserted hotel room." If it hadn't been for those blue eyes I probably would have said no and been long off the hook by this time.

This whole incident bothered me. I had promised to loc "Uncle Albert's", alias WDKY #3. I can't imagine how to loc a zine containing a lot of fan fiction when I don't believe in fan fiction and actively disapprove of publishing it. Faan Fiction gets my seal of approval, and I could comment on that, but fan fiction? Never!

So I had a Dilemma, but after I thought about it for a while it turned into a Resolution. WDKY #2 ran a con report. That meant that I could do two things at once. If I wrote him a con report he could use that in the place of fan fiction and that would, I hope, give him the right idea of what to publish in the first place. In the second place, I could give him a part of the loc in the con report which would ease my conscience.

Now the average fan does not normally go to the doctor's office just before a con. He sometimes has to go after, but seldom before. Since I was wheezing, I felt that I should go before. The Doc said it was a nasty case of bronchitis, supplied me with tetracycline, dimetapp and an injunction; "None of this chasing around the country to conventions and staying up all night partying." My doctor knows me . . .

We had told Candice Massey that we would be leaving for Detroit at about 2 in the afternoon. This was based on the idea that the temperature would indeed be above 96 degrees by two. The weather man had assured us that it was supposed to get much hotter than that. When it gets that hot they shut down operations and everybody goes home. I carefully packed the car after lunch, made sandwiches to eat on the road, and waited for Jon. Two-thirty rolled around, no husband. I checked the thermometer. It sat at ninety degrees and didn't budge. Never trust the weather man!

Since I felt sleepy, and it was obvious that we weren't going to leave at two, I laid down on the bed and took a nap. Jon woke me up at four and we left, just in time to catch the rush hour traffic. I drove as far as the mid-suburban area, then Jon



took the wheel. I won't drive in rush hour traffic. Edens and the Kennedy seemed worse than usual. Jon felt that we might as well drop into our favorite restaurant and have a leisurely meal and wait out the bulk of the commuters and some of the hot, sticky weather. After a lovely Mediterranean feast, we set back on the road, minus the commuters and some of the heat. The humidity stayed.

Jon was at the wheel. I was to take over on the other side of the city and drive through to Detroit so that Jon's bum ankle would have time to heal. At dinner I had taken my medicine like a good girl, although travelling against doctor's orders. By the time we reached the edge of the city I was sound asleep for the second time that day. My husband decided that a little pain was far better than a sleeping spouse at the wheel. Besides, there was the cruise control. He drove to Detroit.

We arrived at the HoJo at 3 am and checked in. They assured us that the room we were given had a queen sized bed. They also gave us a message; "Call Candice, no matter what time you arrive." Up to the eighth floor and into the room, the bed obviously had never even heard of royalty. Jon called the desk. The night clerk said he could do nothing and told Jon to call the manager in the morning. While Jon put through a call to Candice, I continued to be the good, if slightly disobediant, patient by taking my medicine.

Since we were to arrive Thursday night, Candice thought she would have a party for us as a surprise. She thought that we would be leaving at two and would arrive during the evening. Surprise! We didn't. By midnight she was worried and left the message at the desk. By two, she and Sandi Lopez had finished off what was left of their fingernails and given us up as just another highway statistic. They called it a night.

At three, my spouse called Candice. We were indeed alive and in one piece. Did we want to come over anyway? No, we would just sleep. She suggested that, if that was the case, her apartment cleaning had all been in vain. Jon insisted that he was tired and sleep was the preferred form of entertainment.

Sleep, I thought, might be all well and good for Jon, but hadn't I just woke up? After talking to Candice I began unpacking to knock some of the wrinkles out of the clothes. One small suitcase later and I was ready to sleep. As I was dozing off, it began to dawn on me that there was a relationship between my desire to sleep and the medication.

We got up about noon. While I was taking a shower, Jon got us registered and discovered that not only did we not get a queen sized bed, we weren't even on the con floors. When Jon called the manager, he was assured that it was queen sized. "Wazit," Jon asked, "a pygmy queen?" The long and short of it was that we could transfer later in the day to the twelfth floor and two double beds. This satisfied us, so off to breakfast.



We had a luke-edible typical HoJo meal in the company of Jeff May, who had just arrived from Kansas City. My spouse was getting ready to start divorce proceedings for my buying banquet tickets at a HoJo, but held back somewhat when he noticed Leah Zeldes in the next booth.

Back to the room and my medication. I took it and had a sudden inspiration as I looked at our trusty cooler. Coca-cola. Coke had the caffeine I needed to see me through, or at least partially through. Armed with my trusty can of coke, I set off for the mezzanine. Glicksohn and Ben Zuhl were handling registration. Lacking for anything better to do, I joined them. The friendly Manitoba fans from Winnepeg had arrived, sweatshirts boldly proclaiming Decadent Winnepeg Fandom. Randy Reichart stuck us with embroidered pasque flowers (those decadent fen called them prairie crocus - any fool can tell you that the crocus is eurasian in origin, while the pasque flower is north american) and patches reading MANITOBA.

WOULD YOU BUY A CON  
MEMBERSHIP AND A BANQUET  
TICKET FROM THESE PEOPLE?



I spent the rest of the afternoon with Glicksohn and Ben, lending my hand at making a mess out of the orderly files we had been entrusted with. Once in a while, Diane Drutowski came up and told us we could leave if we wanted to, that our relief had arrived. We chose to stay at the table, ensuring that other fans would have to come to us. Leah said to huckster the banquet tickets, so I huckstered. I was assuring everyone that there would be lots of things to eat, there would be no shortages, and everything would be absolutely delicious. I was even going so far as to tell them that the banquet was a real bargain at \$7.50. This was no mean trick, since I am not a born liar and I was fully cognizant of the fact that I was saying all this in a Howard Johnson's. I must have been doing a good job of selling since I managed to convince a few people to buy.

Eventually we got around to the room change and the opening ceremonies, which was pretty much the usual except for Leah's special announcement. She informed us that most of the lower floors of the hotel were taken up by inductees into the army on their last night before boot camp. She requested that all fans, of either sex, between the ages of 16 and thirty, wear their badges so that they would not be mistaken for those in the other group. It seems that the inductees were not to drink, smoke dope, or co-habit with members of the opposite sex and, as Leah put it, any number of other restrictions that fans would not put up with.

I started to run out of available coke about the time fans were heading out to dinner. I drifted off with Glicksohn, Zuhl,



Bathurst, Bowers, Harper and Derek Carter. At least I was in distinguished company. We were heading to eat at the \*Hotel Restaurant\*. Derek and Randy immediately began doing strange things to their placemats. Some obscene puns were going around. Someone observed that it was a shame we couldn't impress anyone by eating in the hotel restaurant since we were at the HoJo. Service was slow and I wasn't getting my needed fix of coke and the medication was taking over. You realize that this is sparing you the recounting of bad jokes and even worse puns that were going around the table.

Hours after eating, we finally got our check and headed for the con suite. I stayed around long enough to say Hi to the new arrivals. The medication had gotten the best of me so I arranged for someone to wake me when the heavy equipment operator [I wouldn't exactly call Harper "heavy equipment". LKT] arrived with Jackie and Darling Midge. It felt very good to let my body do what it had been trying to do all evening.

I was called at midnight and went back up to the con suite. The first thing I did was put a badge on my daughter, since a bulldozer driver ought to be prime material for the army. We four LLL members got our heads together and started to finalize the plans for Harper. After drifting around to the various parties we started wondering what had happened to all the people. Leah said that most of them had gone to the all night movies to see "Dark Star" and "Rocky Horror Picture Show". There ought to be a law about showing good films at cons!

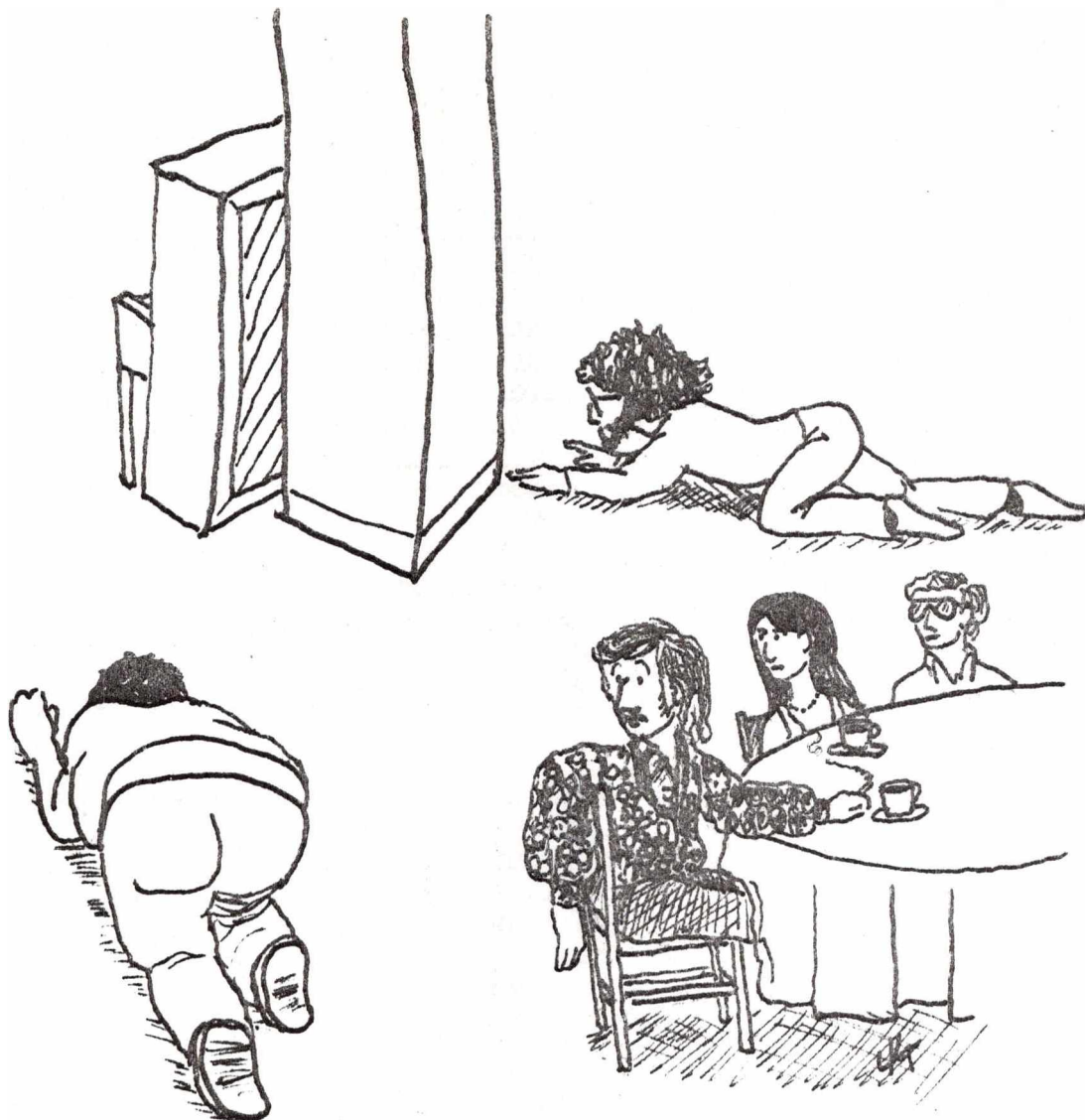
So Darling Midge and I began to amuse ourselves by ogling Larry Tucker's body. [Correct me if I'm wrong, Joni, but isn't ogling an ocular activity? Although my own eyes were closed much of the time, I'd swear there was something more than mere looking going on. LKT] Jackie decided it was a good idea and joined us. Eventually the Dimetapp got to me and I deserted my friends for my friendly bed with them yelling Fink! and Cop-out! behind me.



Saturday afternoon came and went. After arming myself with several cans of coke, we headed to the banquet. I was praying it would at least be edible. By some mysterious quirk, the banquet was not only very good (I didn't lie after all!) but there was plenty of it.

Jackie, Deb, Jon, Darling Midge, Ro and Lin Lutz-Nagey, Randy Bathurst and I were all sitting together. Lou Tabekow joined us so that, if we were the last table served, Jackie and Darling Midge would not be able to hold it against him. The fates must have been with us. We were the third table served. As I said, the food was plentiful. Randy had seconds and had all he could eat.

Our table did not have the best view of the speakers table but we did have the best view of the floor show. Jon Singer did



a creditable job as our first pop-up Toaster. Don Thompson began his speech and Randy suddenly realized that the Faan Awards were still in his room. The floor show was starting. You've all seen pictures of an island slowly melting beneath the sea? Well, Randy tried to do an imitation. Randy did not sink quite as gracefully beneath our table, but he did give it his best. He then proceeded to crawl out of the room on his hands and knees.

About this time, the various individuals who were connected with the Faan Awards realized that they had unfinished business. The most obvious place to confer was over in the corner of the banquet room where the view from the head table was obstructed by a piano and a pillar. As Don went on with his thoughtful views on Entropy and Fandom, Jon Singer began a crawl from the speakers platform to the pillar. Dave Emerson began his progress from the far end of the room on hands and knees. We may have been getting a serious speech but our table was having a hard time keeping a straight face as various heads sank below the table level and their owners made their way in a secretive manner to the pillar of the fannish community.



13

Later that evening the LLL had some business to do with Mike Harper, after I had my nap, of course.

At 11 P.M. Michael Harper was to keep his date with destiny. He was tricked into coming into the con suite. Upon entering the room he was backed into a corner by Glick, Bathurst and myself. I said, "Guard him, Randy." I found out later that he had asked Randy to protect him. He did not know that Randy had already sold out to the LLL. [Only a fool would try to resist the will of the LLL. LKT] Harper was happily cornered and thinking himself quite safe. We got Rusty Hevelin to play announcer. Bowers got his first. Jackie had made him a nametag with his name cleverly hidden in the lines of the drawing. Glicksohn was the next victim. Jackie presented him with a stack of comix fanzines so that he would remember his roots. It was Harper's turn. Randy picked him up and brought him to the center of things. My daughter, the principal of the Deb Stopa School of Kissing, had appointed me the Chairwoman of the School Board. I was to give Mike his diploma. Michael looked and saw a sea of curious faces; Jackie, Darling Midge, Deb and I all with a gleam in our eyes. He panicked. He immediately climbed Randy. Upon reaching the top, like the Englishman he is, he looked about for a Union Jack to plant.

This pause gave Glick, Lan and a few others a chance to pull him down to suffer his fate in a dignified manner. He wasn't quite English enough to manage that. Deb made a little speech about how, unsparing of herself, she took the time to teach him how to kiss, for the good of fankind. The amount of effort and hard work on her part, the amount of study and dedication to higher learning on his part, had come to fruition at this moment. Michael was now a graduate.

He went wild. He kissed just about everybody in the room. He kissed Glicksohn, who said there was a definite improvement. He kissed me and I thought he could use more instruction. He tried to kiss Sheila's Borzoi. The Borzoi agreed with me. . .

People began to disappear from the con suite, so Midge and I headed down to the Confusion party. We played with Larry's body for a while and wandered again. No one seemed to be around. Then we found out that everyone was down watching the "Rocky Horror Picture Show". We headed back to the Confusion party to play with Larry. Harper had beat us to it. He was there and kissing Larry, then Zita, then Suzy. It became obvious how Harper was going to spend his convention. We beat a hasty retreat to the con suite.



Shortly after that, the medication got to me and I had to pack it in at 3 A.M.

Sunday was the art auction and too much money spent, quiet farewells and not so quiet farewells. It was also the time to see how long Harper could kiss Deb. Fortunately, Suzy Tiffany had a stop watch. With a number of us watching, they could only hold the kiss for thirty seconds. Could it have something to do with the fact that Derek, Glick, Jackie and I were kibbutzing out loud? Glicksohn thought he could do better. Derek and I agreed that the technique employed by Glicksohn and Harper was much too theatrical, too hokey and Suzy said that they had lasted only 20 seconds.

This scene upset Suzi Stefl. She hadn't caught all of it. As she said later in the evening, "I can understand them kissing all the women, but do you know that I saw Glicksohn and Harper kissing each other on the balcony this afternoon?" I explained.

Later I headed out to dinner with Sid Altus, Suzy Tiffany, Lou Tabekow, a Denver fan and Larry Tucker. Since Larry looked to be thinnest and I have strong legs, I told him to sit on my lap while we drove out to the Deli of Sid's choice. They had great onion rolls.

The con slowly wound down to the dead dog party and the very last showing of the "Rocky Horror Picture Show". Almost everyone was watching the movie again. Leah vowed it was one picture that would never again be seen at Autoclave.

At 1 A.M. I decided to pack it in for the night. It wasn't worth fighting the pills. Sid told me that Autoclave would ruin my reputation, not only going to sleep before dawn but being caught napping, too.

In spite of the fact that I had entirely too much sleep, it was a great con, with all the right people. It probably had something to do with my decision to take up fan writing again.

Thanks, Leah . . .

- - - Joni Stopa



# a beginners guide to

# SLIME RATINGS

Slime ratings were not born at Marcon, 1977, contrary to popular belief. Instead, they were born in the dark recesses of myriad con suites, as assorted femmefan sat around and discussed the various fan they were intimately acquainted with. Much to my amazement, the unanimity of the comments generated a chorus of: "Oh, of course I know him, he's the five I just met. . . ." "Isn't he the one who attacks everyone he meets, before he even meets them?" Lo, the slime ratings were born.

Ross Pavlac and I discussed the idea of having another "Sex and Science Fiction" panel at Marcon and I said, "That's the perfect place to introduce the Slime Rating to fandom at large." Much to my chagrin, my legal eagle informed me that anything I said was subject to a libel suit from anyone who didn't like what I said about them. Talk about the death of free speech!

But in the face of tremendous opposition from my esteemed counsel, I now will present the Official Dana Siegel rating system, by way of a few well chosen examples. Please note that all ratings are solely the opinion of the author and anyone who so chooses is welcome to submit their own examples.

By way of explanation, the Slime Ratings are arranged on a scale of one to ten, with one being your baby brother and ten a Dracula. So, without further ado:

- 0) Fred Haskell (The Male Ice Maiden)
- 1) Randy Bathurst (The defender of every femmefan's honor)
- 2) The Bobbsey Twins from Columbus (Ask Phyllis)
- 3) Sid Altus (To be explained later)
- 4) Ross Pavlac (Who would do better if only he tried harder)
- 5) Larry Tucker (This is intended for his zine and it probably wouldn't get published if I didn't mention him somewhere)
- 6) Bill Fesselmeyer (Even though Larry Propp deserves this exalted position of merit, Bill tries much harder)
- 7) Bob Tucker (Whose position needs no explanation)
- 8) Joel Lessinger (and Jon Stopa, who shares Joel's

billing as a self-styled Cassanova, only Jon is much less obvious about it)

- 9) Ro Lutz-Nagey (This deserves some sort of explanation but he doesn't deserve any more ego-boo than he already has)
- 10) Brian Burley (Lou Tabakow should be here but he tries too hard)
- 10+) Tom Barber (What do you expect from a Dorsai!)

All slime ratings are subject to change by the author, who is very willing to renegotiate, at any time, her opinions, given sufficient incentive.



For those of you who attended Marcon, where Sid Altus was publicly designated a ten for those in the audience who needed a role model, and who are now horrified to find their paradigm of sliminess demoted to a mere three, take heart! Sid Altus was only a ten until I got to know him better, when I discovered much to my amazement that he really didn't mean it. His sliminess was

a sham, covering up his true identity - Clark Kent. Who wants to have an affair with an alter ego?

If reader interest warrants, this article will be expanded into a regular column, to keep up with the changes that occur in each person's slime rating as a result of their fanac (or being taught to kiss). So keep those cards and letters coming.

Since I am unqualified to rate femmeslimes, but recognize their all too common appearance in fandom, I would welcome any males who wish to submit their femmeslime ratings, and promise them equal billing.

Please note that Yale Edeiken was not mentioned in this article at all, since he's likely to sue me and he has done nothing at all to warrant his inclusion. On the other hand, Mike Glicksohn, who definitely does deserve mention, was too busy playing poker.



# FROM THE MIASMA

## A COMMUNIQUE FROM DARKSIDE

GORD what the divil is a trekkiekonn? She said, wiping her teeth with a surro-orange stick she said stick it and of course I did in my primal youth there used to be these people called Satyrs well one up and did if you know do you suppose ford will say that on tv? He's the man who forded the original pond.

GOR son of Rocannon, he's the Kalpa man, a drifting image of, sandpaper-like, the original. . . Finlay. . . . Rocannon the man of action on tv. Good thing he is not from ACTION.

The man from Corflu; blimey he's going to rub his etheric blue paint on my nose. The man from GLAD comes in on a jump bucket.

HER face now comes in on the primal VIDDIESCREEN set over myopic jungles, filth piled up as if in tribute to the moon, goo from an artist's bad kit positively wiped on the trees, don't fade out on this scene, WIPE OUT.

Put down the whore of Babylon. This ticket EXPLODED in ANYONE'S face. There can't be two of them, can there be? Yes, there can be. Now turn the dials just a wee bit, and you can see the wee-wee bit. You can see the dog that bit people. You can see the death of Rome, with a humming subliminal background. You can even hum. You can see the best damn scan-job man ever devised. You can witness THE blow job. You can witness THEE blow JOB. You can be THE witness. "Mister, take the witness."

He took him to a place in Caledonia where there was little else than Negroes, sitting rancid in a pale fungous-determined shade. Things didn't seem to have taken SHAPE there. "Better than wiping the buttocks of the Cosmic All, isn't it, Mister?"

"No."

"Hey, that's just a little Peppermint Twist; gets your blood up. Do you think J. Paul Getty could realize any profits here. . . with the Right Man?"

"The Right Man is an, uh, prophet. . . and while we're at it, who's that waiting on The Line?"

"He may be the Ultimate Dummy," interjected the Secret Service Man, his face taut and grim.

"Grimmer than Grimm's fairy tales; and say, by the way, speaking of Fairy Tales, songs like my mother used to taught me, where are all the young boys hiding around here? This place seems like Virgin's Paradise. Have they, er, died?"

"THEY'VE ALLLL PASSSED AWAYYYYYYY. . . Just LIKE the PEOPLE say. . . if you want them back, use grease in your shack. . . they'll attract in the space of a day. . ."

"Hmmm, the Maestro must be in pretty good order today."

The Maestro stands in the rim of the jungle, his face dreamy and indistinct, vines visible within the confines of his skull, his dream of a hidden jungle edifice QUITE apparent, thank you. . . It's too much for a man on psilosybin to take.

"WHAT is? The sight of Leukemia? Favorite Children dig it best. And dogs lap for it. . . all OVER Lapland."

"ALL OVER is right. . . youse guys is the original Indistinct Junkies. . . take your faded mirage and Chimoo off. . . Farnsworth Wright paid this price."

"Just a tete-a-tete in Bangkor. . ."

"You ain't never see the backside of China"

"Spook you"

"With Gor"

"Original Finlay's on sale for a buck."

And the Buck himself, on sale in the original WHITE JUNGLE . . . you must have passed this way about an hour ago. . . wind stirs the fragrant blossoms. . . what grows, THERE, in the DEPTHS, no one knows. . . there is no one there TO know. . . star winds now blow down from the most FRAGRANT night sky. . . reminds everybody of an elder Queen's Tears. . . so Egypt was this way? Boys, I couldn't tell you.

- - - John Thiel

Your message here.

(See inside matchbook cover for details.)



# HAVE YOU LOOKED UNDER THE TOMATO SAUCE YET ?

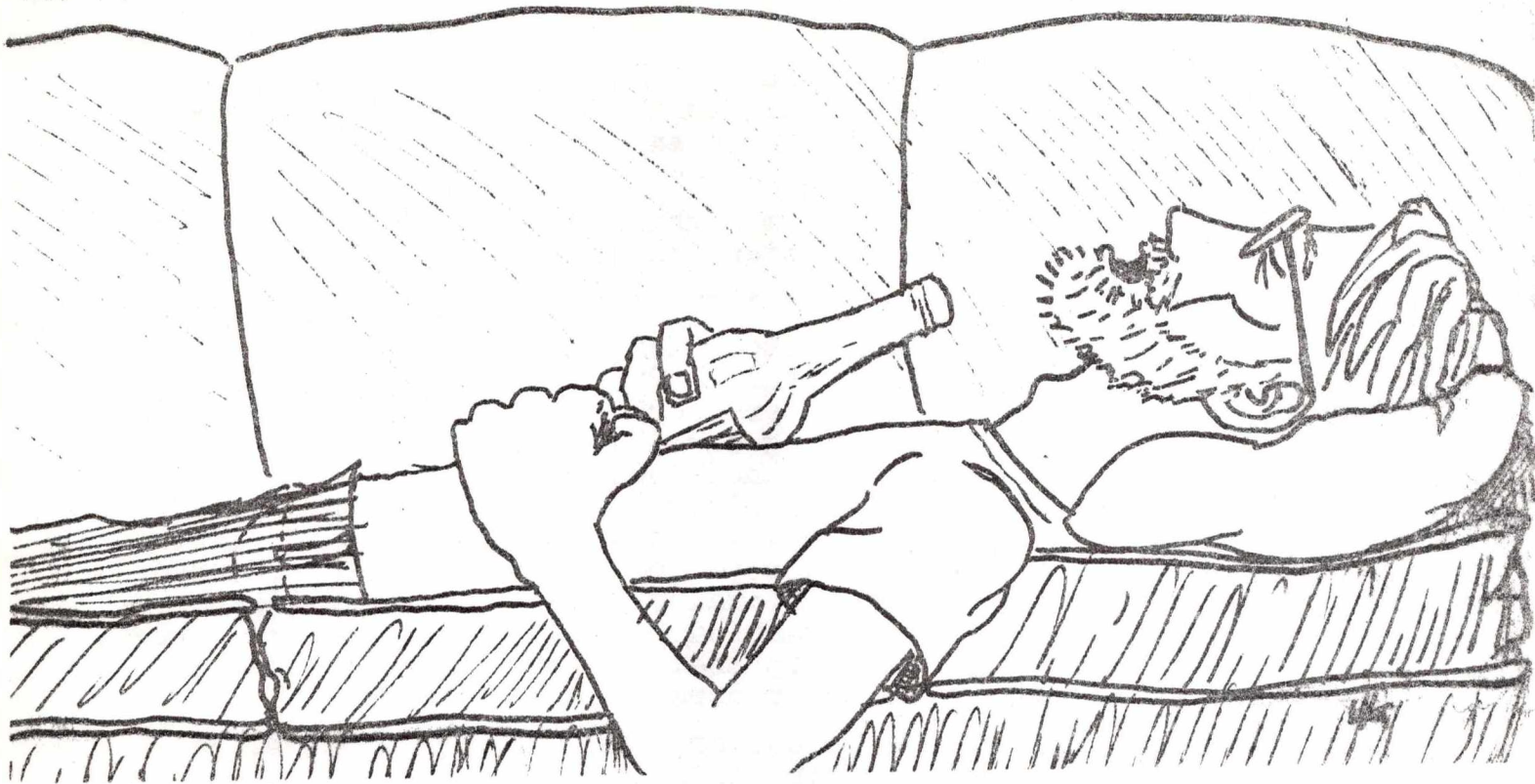
For the past few months I have dreaded sleep, because with sleep comes the Dream. These nocturnal visions have left me so weak that I am barely able to type. I will finish even if it kills me since this manuscript may save some other fan from falling into the trap.

These unhappy events started last October after I attended Glickcon 3 in the Toronto version of the Tucker Hotel - Mike Glickson's apartment. Anonycon weekend Mike came down to Buffalo to have a good time and replenish his liquor supply. He achieved one of those lofty goals. Since Buffalo is not conducive to having a good time we decided to go up to Toronto and party there. Mike, wily Canadian that he is, let us delude ourselves into thinking that the decision to "shuffle off from Buffalo" was ours. It wasn't until we reached the border that Mike's ulterior motive became apparent. "Each American can buy 40 ounces of liquor at the duty free store," he informed us, "so let's make that the registration fee for Glickcon. Let's see, there are twelve of you Colonials so that should be enough to get us through the weekend. Heh, heh."

Do you know what trying to consume 480 ounces of alcohol can do to a small group of fan? It can lead to rodent chasing, Hugo hunting and fan fanning, as well as the making of loooong-winded longdistance telephone calls on someone else's phone. Calls to such places as Iowa City (twice), Minneapolis (in 73), Wilmot, Wisc., Detroit, and we would have called Australia but the only phone number we had for an Aussie fan was Eric Lindsay's and he gave it to us since he was in the room at the time. It was a great con, but was it worth the consequences?

However, this manuscript is not about Glickcon - besides, Derek Carter is the Official Glickcon Historian. This is a warning about what can happen to one after a Glickcon.

Sunday night, as part of the recuperation process necessitated by this decadent weekend, I fell into a fitful sleep. That awful night I had the first of a series of recurring nightmares of unspeakable horror. In the months since, I have been plagued by such haunting visions as to make my once happy countenance take on a sickly pallor and to deprive me of so much strength and endurance that strong drink is the only thing that gets me through a convention these days. This horrid condition is all a direct result of that depraved weekend.



The dream starts off with the same sickening sight I awoke to on Sunday morning - a sleeping Bowers snoring unmelodically. My eyes travel up the rum bottle he clutches to his chest and rivet on his face. The awful features loom larger and larger and the snoring begins to take on meaning. "Out," he inhales, "Worlds," he exhales. Out worlds . . . OUTWORLDS. As the Bowers' beard bristles nearer, the mouth gapes open and I am . . . INHALED! Encapsuled by an ear shattering "OUT". In a wild kaleidoscope of color my final tenuous tendrils to reality SNAPS! The oral cavity, teeth, tongue, tonsils, dissolve into the instruments of the inhuman tortures yet before me.

Slimey, sinuous tentacles surround my struggling torso. Head held rigid, I'm forced to witness the debaucheries on the screen before me. My chest is held hostage. It is constricted by incredible forces and the pain increases past endurance if I try to avert my gaze. A psychedelic glow lights the screen. I cannot escape so I resign myself to the torture. Nonetheless, uncontrollable shudders pass through my body. The pain recedes and the red haze shadowing everything dissipates as I give in and keep my eyes on the screen. I have the uneasy feeling that while the previous tortures almost drove me over the brink of insanity, the respite from the pain is only so I can fully view the REAL torture soon to be inflicted upon me.

Images coalesce from the chaotic stew before my eyes. Words simmer slowly into being. My dilemma increases as the resolution sharpens:

OUTWORLDS PRESENTS!  
 MIKE CARTER, SKIFFY PATROL  
 PLUS  
 TERRY AND THE CON PIRATES  
 A  
 DOUBLE: BILL



I renew my struggles to shut out these visions. The physical pain is preferable to the mental abominations promised by those words. But it is to no avail, as I am soon no longer able to stand the pain.

With a Hollywood fanfare straight out of the 30s, the words dissolve and the plot, like a stew, thickens.

\*\*\*\*\*

The short, hairy, bush-hatted machine followed the two boys up the ramp and into the spaceship. The sound of loud cheering was abruptly cut off as the outer door closed smoothly behind the trio. A shrill, roller-coasting siren signalled that the ship was ready to take off and that the crowd should move back to the safety markers. It did so with alacrity - for the boys, while heroes, were not noted for their patience with mundane affairs. Signs depicted two 18-year-old boys, both wearing glasses, tuxedo T-shirts and wearing the traditional fannish headgear (glasses and propellor beanies) were trampled beneath the feet of the crowd. The mob turned to watch the ship that contained the two boys who had saved their planet leave for more fannish things.

"Well, Terry," said Mike Carter, "that was fun, but we've got to stop saving planets from certain doom - it's putting me behind in my fanac. I've already missed the deadline for the 958th issue of MOTA and . . ."

"Your voicewriter is right over there and the pseudo-mimeo is in the Fanroom. You have . . . What are you doing, Gardner?"

The robot had replaced his smooth silent rollers with circular brushes and was dancing around the room while spouting verse.

"What in the name of Harry Warner's histories are you doing?"

"It should be obvious, even to an American, that I'm waxing the floor poetic."

"That's awful," said Terry, as he wrote down the pun.

"You mean that I've gone from bad to verse, I'm a bad bard or a maleficent muse, a lamentable lyricist, an odiferous, odious odist, or a vile versifier?"

"YES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" they chorused.

"Now stop the punishment and set in a course for Interstellcon, and TAKE OFF THAT YNGVI-LIKE BUSH-HAT!" yelled Mike. The robot started away to comply.

Terry sat down with the latest OUTWORLDS, #31. He looked at his still irate friend and said, "Calm down, Mike. It's your fault anyway. You refused the Harlan Ellison model and chose the Gardner R. Dubious one instead."

"MY FAULT? If you hadn't spent all our money on that oneshot - THE WORST PUNS OF MIKE GLICKSOHN, indeed - we would have had enough money to buy a top of the line model, maybe the Hal Clement, or even the Joe Haldeman model. Besides, his damned puns are better than getting bitten on the ankle or given a poor

coursetape that's signed Cordwainer Bird."

The robot came back into the reading room holding a can of Guinness Lubricant and humming alternate verses of O' Canada and Ghod Save the Queen.

"Did you set in the course?" Terry asked.

"Sure. It was as easy as teaching high school math," said Gardner, "but there is a communique from Fan Central that I thought you should see."

"Read it," snapped Mike.

"To: Mike Carter  
From: Fan Central  
During the last week three Convention Planets have disappeared. We have not been able to find a trace of these planets or anyone who was attending the conventions.

"We would like you, if you should decide to accept this mission, to find out what has happened to the planets and return them to their rightful orbits. Detail tapes to follow."

"Gardner, have you correlated the data in the detail tapes?"

"Yes, Mike, and I have a possible solution to the problem."

"Well, what is it?"

"First of all, it is clearly a case of Cons-piracy . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

I wake up screaming, my body covered with sweat, visions of the Guinness guzzling punster robot still burning in my mind's eye. Sometimes I can't get these inhuman tortures out of my head. Waking or sleeping, they haunt me. I feel I am slowly losing touch with reality. With reality. With reality. With real . . .

- - - Ben Zuhl





# J.A.M. SESSION BOOK REVIEWS BY JAMES A. MARTIN

- THE DOSADI EXPERIMENT, Frank Herbert, Berkley-Putnam, \$8.95
- MAN PLUS, Frederik Pohl, Bantam, \$1.95
- MILLENNIUM, Ben Bova, Ballantine, \$1.95
- BLACK EASTER, James Blish, SF Rediscovery (Equinox), \$2.25
- THE LISTENERS, James E. Gunn, Signet, \$1.25
- THE MAKER OF UNIVERSES ) Ace, \$1.50
- THE GATES OF CREATION ) Philip Jose Farmer, Ace, \$1.50
- TIME'S LAST GIFT ) Ballantine, \$1.50
- WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT SCIENCE? Sidney Harris, William Kaufmann, \$3.95

THE DOSADI EXPERIMENT is pure Herbert, with the convolutions present in the conversations of Dune and its progeny even more exaggerated here. There is never a simple conversation between two people in a Herbert novel--there are several conversations and monologs going on at once. The parties speak to each other in their chosen language. They engage in elaborate communication by way of body English. Each dissects the statements, body English, and the like, of the other, and keeps an interior monolog running on what the other party means. Two pages of dialog turn into ten pages of novel.

None of this is perversity on Herbert's part--he writes novels in which such levels of conversation make sense. In the Dune books, for example, a major component of the whole background and of the action was palace intrigue, in which the ability to proceed at many levels might be necessary to survival. Nonetheless, I always had the nagging feeling in Dune that the abilities of the characters to think at many levels might be useful to their survival but nonetheless beyond the capabilities of real human beings. In The Dosadi Experiment the cavil is left behind--Dosadi is a planet whose culture has been established specifically to create the Machiavellian mind. Everyone attempts to manipulate everyone else; and every character is unimaginably more clever than the reader (though Frank's narrative style suggests that the reader is following every detail). Surprisingly enough, it all works, and very well. You always have the feeling that you understand 75% of what is happening, and you are willing to trust Herbert on the rest (maybe I'll reread it someday and understand that . . .). In addition to the style and presentation, which are central, Herbert has managed to inject a sense-of-wonder element as successfully here as in Dune and its two children. Top rate.

Until recently I thought that Frederik Pohl was a good editor and a mediocre author. Gateway demonstrated that Pohl can write superior fiction, and MAN PLUS demonstrates that Gateway was not a fluke. Man Plus is not perfect, and it has been pointed out elsewhere that there are significant weaknesses in the plot. But the success of the whole package is a testament to the development of Pohl's power to tell a story about real people in a

science fiction setting. Man Plus is "hard science" and a psychological novel, with an old-fashioned surprise ending thrown in to boot. Though the basic story concerns the creation of a cyborg able to live on the Martian surface without significant outside support, the novel also does a masterful job of portraying the "monster" first from the outside, then from the viewpoint of the main character. The ending is introduced superbly, with a manipulation of the point of view that warns that something is coming, but gives no hint as to the enormity of the difference between the third-person-omniscient and the occasional first person plural. Sound mysterious? Further detail would destroy the effect. Read it and find out. Another winner.

Ben Bova's MILLENNIUM is a political novel set at the end of the century, somewhat reminiscent of The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress insofar as Lunar rebellion is concerned, and somewhat reminiscent of Washington novels like Advise and Consent and Seven Days in May. Some suggested it for the Hugo; others thought it juvenile. Safely enough, my own impressions follow the middle road. Although the book is reasonably well thought out, Bova simply can't match the slickness we have come to expect from the political novels. Slickness, understand, in the good sense. If those other novelists hadn't turned Washington inside out for novel ideas (deliberate), my reaction to Bova's effort might be higher. But they have set a standard for performance, and he hasn't quite been able to meet it. Good but not great.

James Blish is the only author I know of who could really blend religion and s-f or fantasy so that the seam wouldn't show. Unlike A Canticle for Liebowitz (a fine book), for example, A Case of Conscience presented a true religious dilemma, not merely a religious setting. BLACK EASTER is not s-f at all, but a rational treatment of magic and thaumaturgy that comes very close. It also deals very much with religion, but seems like one of Blish's less successful efforts in that area. There is a buzz-bomb ending for which the preparation is simply inadequate. (It is an assertion of fact by one of the characters, terrible in implication, but there is no way out of the question, how did it happen?) Black Easter is only 165 pages long, and only the fancy S-F Rediscovery people could charge you \$2.25 without blushing. But it is good, even if not up to other Blish works.

James Gunn is another author who, like Pohl, was one that I thought simply lacked the ability to write convincing prose (a curious failure, given his profession). But THE LISTENERS goes a long way to convince me that Gunn can write, even though he does not always do so. (For further elaborations on another of his recent writings, see my review of The Farthest Star in the issue of this rag that came out during the last ConFusion-- an issue which, I am happy to say, apparently did not fall into Gunn's hands before I met the man.) The Listeners traces the progress of a project dedicated to listening for communications from other civilizations around other stars. The book, neces-



sarily spans a few centuries and follows a succession of characters. Although things definitely happen (like a message coming through, as if you couldn't guess), the chief focus of the book is the effect of the project on the lives of the people closely associated with it and, as its work attracts wider attention, the rest of the world. The portrayal of the people and the project's effect on them are excellent, and make for a fine book.

THE MAKER OF UNIVERSES and THE GATES OF CREATION are the first two books of the "world of tiers" series. They are fairly light-weight stuff--a kind of second-class Amber series without the skill or integrity of Zelazny's writing--and yet pleasant diversionary reading because they don't pretend too much and read quickly. So far as I have been able to discover, these are the only two rereleases to date; the others are coming. If you have any old copies of the books from the world of tiers series, I suggest that you read them in order. A few years ago I read Behind the Walls of Terra first and found it confusing and boring. I suspect that the series will be more enjoyable when read in order.

TIME'S LAST GIFT is a book that couldn't figure out where it was going. It involves time travel to the distant past, and dwells at great length on adventures with tribes and animals way back when. At the end, the mystery of the main character is revealed, employing a time-travel theory whose logical flaws would suffer the passage of a Mack truck. Just as bad, the revelations come not as the result of any of the preceding events, but simply from the passage of time and words. In other words, there is no dramatic action that leads to the revelation; it is supposed to be the drama itself. It ain't. My experience in reading Farmer is that apart from the Riverworld series (and possibly Venus on the Half Shell, which I haven't read), his writing is quite mediocre. I can't figure out why Riverworld is so good. Incidentally, rumor has it that the third Riverworld book is out.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT SCIENCE is a book of cartoons that can be ordered from the publisher at One First Street, Los Altos, California. Although there are some so-so cartoons, there are some classics. My favorite is the cover cartoon, showing a younger Einstein in front of a blackboard with a perplexed look, contemplating two crossed-out equations:  $e = ma^2$  and  $e = mb^2$ . It's not as cheap as novels, but splurge.

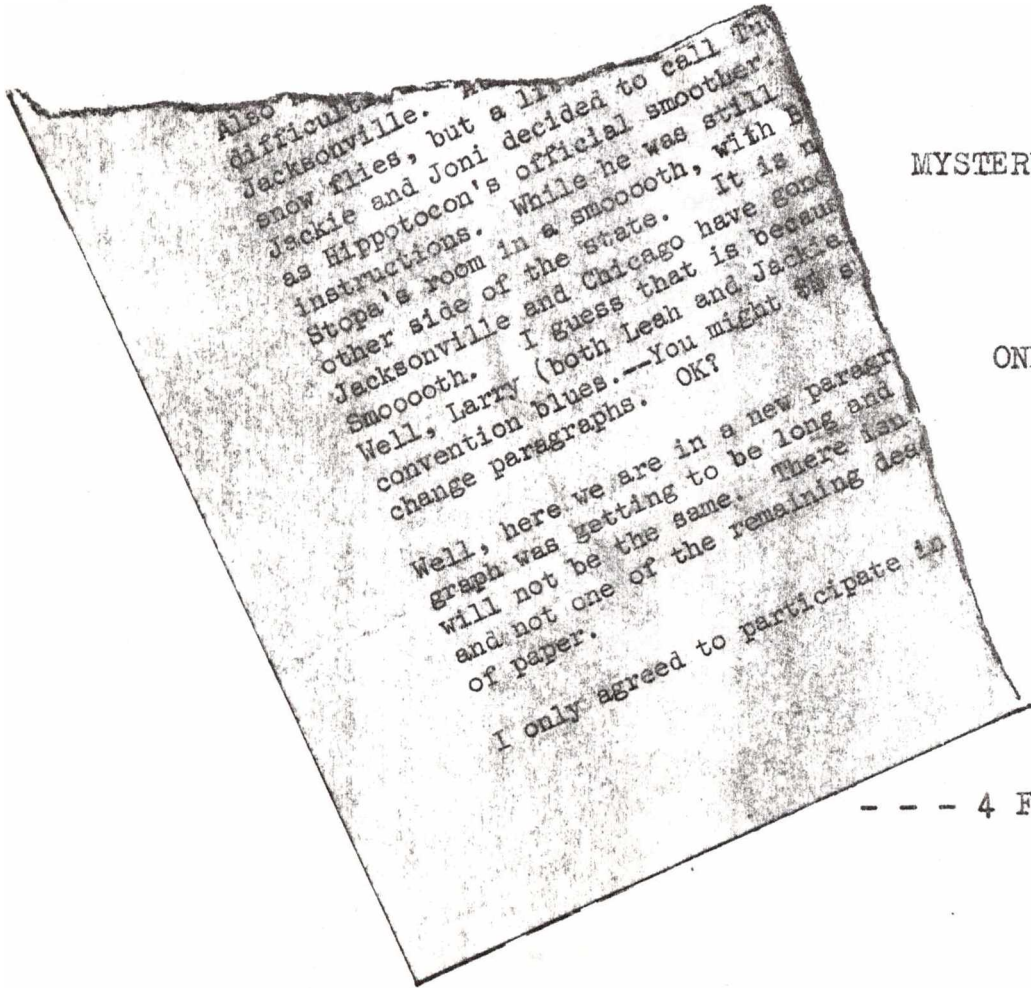
- - - James A. Martin

# MYSTERY ONESHOT

How many fanzines do you read? Oh, that many? Well, here's a little test to see if you've been reading the right ones. Below you will find one-fourth of a mystery oneshot, written sometime during the past summer. The other quarters of this oneshot will be appearing in the fanzines of the other collaborators of this oneshot.

Now, if you've been getting all the right zines, you'll be able to piece together the remaining parts of this oneshot to see what it says. The first person to get all the pieces together and contact the responsible faneds should be eligible for some kind of prize (although it is not clear, at this point, what form this prize will assume). There are two stipulations that go along with this contest. First, if you are successful in putting together all the pieces of the mystery oneshot, you are never, ever to show the assembled oneshot to another living soul. Second, and most importantly, if your name is Mike Glicksohn you are ineligible to compete in this contest. I mean, everybody knows that Glicksohn is on the mailing list of every faned who ever lived and that, to our minds, gives him a very distinct and totally unfair advantage over the rest of you poor schmucks.

So here it is, fanzine fans. One-quarter of the



Also...  
difficult...  
Jacksonville. but a li...  
snow flies, but a li...  
Jackie and Joni decided to call the...  
as Hippotocon's official smoother...  
instructions. While he was still...  
Stopa's room in a smooooth. It is n...  
other side of the state. It is n...  
Jacksonville and Chicago have some...  
Smooooth. I guess that is becau...  
Well, Larry (both Leah and Jackie...  
convention blues.--You might...  
change paragraphs. OK?  
Well, here we are in a new paragr...  
graph was getting to be long and...  
will not be the same. There lan...  
and not one of the remaining des...  
of paper.  
I only agreed to participate in

MYSTERY

ONESHOT

!!!



DEAR  
UNCLE  
ALBERT,

Now here's something Larry didn't see too much of when he was running this zine. Locs. Just goes to show what can happen when you get the right nut behind the wheel.

If you wanna talk to your Uncle Albert, write to me at the address listed on the contents page of this ish. You can address the envelope to Larry, but start the letter with a "Dear Uncle Albert". Tucker's too busy doing stuff with ConFusion to be hassled with having to

read a letter that's really just intended for my zine. UA

Neil Rest  
4433 Walton  
Chicago 60651

yesterday someone made the news, and possibly history, by delaying a baseball game on account of the heat - 130°, which is over 50 real degrees. and i sit here looking for comment hooks in your complaining about needing an overflow hotel

to handle the confusion registrations . . . when i finally got there . . .

about fanzine names . . . since cons take all my time i feel nervous about ever beginning locing, but i really like the name the usual.

having a "James A. Martin" is flagrant enough, but to overtly use the initials is pushing your luck . . . unless he's just around to hide out.

having been a fringe Minneapolis fan for a couple years, i already had some familiarity with video in fandom. (i'm still sporadically trying to find out whatever became of the Aussiecon videotapes) however, you've suggested a problem to me:

several years ago (remember politics?) someone explained an entertaining theory to me - that a city's style of politics correlated with it's commonest sort of dope. a prime example was Detroit, full of speed. a year or two later (some of Chicago's

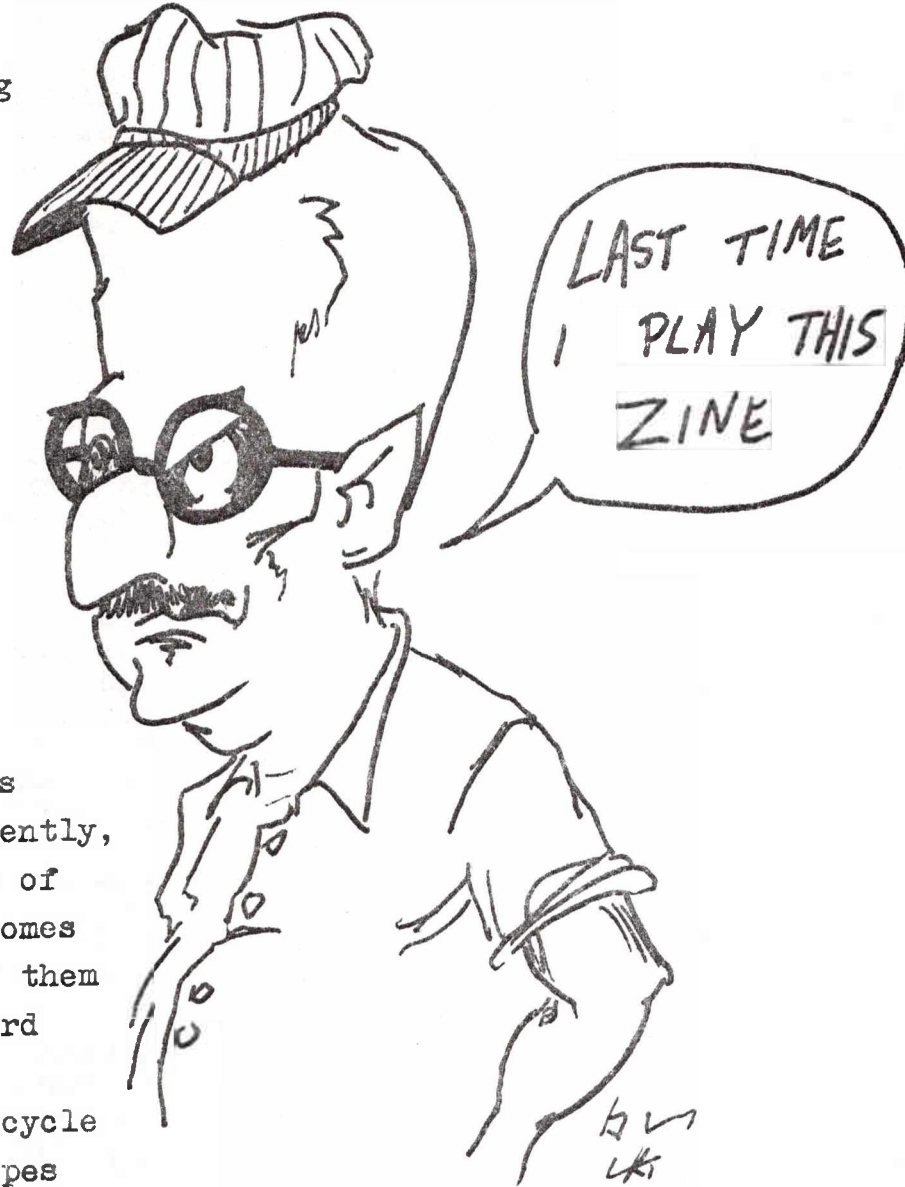
finest weirdos having inhabited A<sup>2</sup> previously) someone told me, i don't know how apocryphally, that Ann Arbor lies above a concentration of mercury, and anyone who's drunk the water for a few years gets to be almost as mad as a hatter. well, that's certainly plausible and consistent.

but what accounts for Minneapolis?

-- neil

That's certainly an interesting and entertaining (albeit totally absurd) theory you've come across there, Neil. In answer to your closing question, I would assume that the people in Minneapolis are accounted for by their parents until they reach a certain age. After that, most of them are probably pretty much on their own.

Concerning the Aussiecon tapes - Larry tells me he talked to one of the Aussies at Midwestcon in 76. Apparently, you're not going to see any of those tapes until someone comes up with enough coin to have them dubbed onto American standard equipment. Y'see, their electricity is a different cycle than ours, therefore the tapes recorded with their decks are not compatible with our decks. To actually dub tapes between decks operating on different kinds of electricity presents a problem, the solution to which is highly technical n scientific and I'd really rather not get into that here.



Your concern over our book reviewer is pointless. The fact of the matter is, I never had James A. Martin. Neither, to my know-



ledge, has Larry. I suspect that the responsible party you are seeking might be Jim's mother. UA

Mike Glicksohn  
141 High Park Ave.  
Toronto ONT m6p 2s3  
Canada

Dear Uncle Albert,

You realize that I don't really have to do this? I mean, here I am sitting in the house of award-winning artist Harry Bell, supposedly on vacation, surrounded by great British pubs filled with marvelous English beer, and I'm writing a bloody loc to a damn fanzine. I really don't have to do this. I really don't. Especially when the avuncular editor of said fanzine has filled it with exactly the sort of material I can't possibly find anything to say about. So why am I sitting here doing this?

I'm glad you asked me that, Meyer. And I'll tell you. I'm doing it because I know what a thrill it will be for Uncle Albert to get a loc from overseas. I'm doing it because I know what an even greater thrill it will be for Uncle Albert to get a loc from a famous and important letter writer like myself. I'm doing it because I feel guilty that I didn't loc the first two issues of Uncle Albert's odd little publication. But mostly I'm doing it because a lot of Uncle Albert's money helped pay for this trip and I'm hoping if I loc his damn fanzine he'll continue to play poker with me and I can afford to come back here again next year!

But enough of this playful esoteric fannish banter. I liked the cover. In fact, the cover is probably the best part of the fanzine. And even though I'm not exactly au courant as far as the science fiction field is concerned I did recognize that the cover is also a nifty little spoof on that famous new entry into the sf magazine ranks. I refer, of course, to TERRY HUGHES SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE with its covers featuring the editor and his famous big nose. Well done, Uncle Albert; that showed imagination.

Your comment at the bottom of the contents page is, you realize, self-contradictory. Had you left off my name then the sentence would have been legitimate but one hardly expects anything resembling logic or perceptivity from a protege of Ro Nagey, does one?

Unfortunately, that's about the last comment hook in the fanzine. It would be niggardly of me to wonder about your spacing in the editorial, or comment on the layout or the artwork, and all that leaves is a bunch of (sounds of shuddering, wincing and groaning) fan fiction (and we all know about fan fiction, right? Fannish Cliche Number 93 in your Glicksohn Guide to Boring Pretentious Form Locs. Look it up and I won't have to write it out again.) plus some of Jim's usually competent book reviews of books I've not read and the video column which is informative but scarcely the stuff that grabs you and results in brilliantly creative responses.

Actually, I did read some of the fiction. It helped me remember why I don't read fiction in fanzines. Not that I could do any better, mind you.

Still, it's your fanzine and you can publish anything that pleases you which is exactly the way it should be. Hopefully there'll be some readers with both the ability and the inclination to give some constructive criticism instead of the arrogant-sounding cynicism I've just typed. Isn't fandom wonderful?

Even though videotape is beyond my personal financial capabilities right now I'm fully in favour of there existing a videotape library of convention panels and speeches. I see that as being of inestimable value to future generations of fans and fan historians and science fiction scholars. But I'd think a degree of selectivity would be necessary surely? A lot of the program at many cons is either dull, boring or repetitious and hardly seems worth preserving for posterity. Here, the reusability of videotape makes itself felt since one can't really be sure until afterwards if a given program item will be worth keeping. If it isn't, though, that tape can just be put back into the camera and used again until it catches something of real worth. And on top of the scholarly significance of such recordings it'll now be possible for us trufen to do our usual drinking, talking, poker-playing etc etc at cons and catch the highlights of the program at our leisure later on. This might well revolutionize conventions completely for those of us who are hardcore fannish partygoers! Hell, we could even videotape fan panels before the con so we wouldn't have to get up at ten in the morning and try to be witty or even intelligent while hungover after three hours sleep. Then we could sleep blissfully on while the audience watched the scintillating pre-recorded panel. The possibilities are simply endless . . .

Luckily this loc is not. In fact this loc is almost over. I hear a pint of draft Guinness seductively whispering my name and I'm sure you'll understand if I answer its siren call. May you receive all sorts of praise and egoboo, Uncle Albert, and may you fill every inside straight you draw to (unless I'm in the game, of course).

See you at Confusion Pi if not before.

- - Mike

Where to begin (he says, trying to remember all that has gone before)? Lastly, I thank you for your well-wishing, although firstly and in several places in between I must remind you that you never played poker with Uncle Albert. And Larry informs me that you must have raised your travel money from some other fan, because he claims he's never lost playing cards with you. The worst he's ever done is break even, like at Wilmot last July.

About the thrill you spoke of - yes, Larry was very pleased to receive your loc, but this is Uncle Albert you're dealing with now. I'm not your typical, easily awed Ben Zuhl or Ro Nagey type who gets palpatations or hot and cold flashes every time a so-called



BNF deigns to toss him a few measly crumbs of comment. Boy, give me substance every time. I'm Uncle Albert, not just some gonzo somebody hauled in off of the Gargonzola State University campus. I'm the guy who can answer all those questions Asimov can only reply to with an "I don't know". Larry Tucker is nothing, I tell you. All he ever wants to do is play cards, drink a little beer and trot off to bed. The poor schmuck is even allergic to Spayed Gerbils.

He doesn't even like Beam's Choice!

I tell you, I'm getting pretty fed up with all this nonsense of you silly faans (baa, baa) not being able to tell us apart. I've got half a mind (no snickering, there!) not to even run the next loc, because it wasn't even addressed to me.

COOL IT, UNCLE ALBERT,  
OR I'M GOING TO TAKE  
YOUR TOY TYPEWRITER  
AWAY FROM YOU.

Jeez, what was that?  
It sounded like the voice  
of Ghod.

CLOSE ENOUGH, AMIGO.  
NOW YOU GO AHEAD AND  
PRINT THAT NEXT LOC  
LIKE A GOOD LITTLE CYBORG  
AND STOP INSULTING YOUR  
CONTRIBUTORS OR YOU'RE GOING  
TO GET FAFIATED SO QUICK YOU'LL  
WONDER HOW YOU GOT THAT WINDBURN ALL OVER YOUR SILLY BIONIC NOSE.

Moving right along, here's our next wonderful loc from a really



wonderful Indiana fan. ((I thought Tucker said he was going to let me have the zine for keeps - that I could do whatever I wanted with it. Boy, what a grouch.))

UNCLE ALBERT . . .

Here's Johnny! UA

John Thiel  
30 N. 19th Street  
Lafayette, Ind. 47904

Dear Larry:

It was nice meeting you at the Autoclave and procuring these two fine issues of WE DON'T KNOW YET and UNCLE ALBERT'S SCIENCE FICTION FANZINE. Considering the price of it, and also the picture that's on the cover, I think I'll start right now with The Usual, obviously a militaristically good weapon. But do you really accept the usual? Do you print locs? I didn't get enough chance to pump you at the convention on your policy toward letters of comment. Yes, you told me you like them, but not if you print them, and if so - I would have liked to get real primal about this - whether you'd print mine.

UNCLE ALBERT'S is a good fanzine, and newsworthy enough that it should be published at least monthly, giving a fast forum for communications and at the same time hitting its readers in the face with an up-to-date read at the proper intervals, in time with the heart-beat of the patient (And we're all patient; we're all patient).

I liked your description of all your videotapes, and hope you will get further with all this. I would help if I could. "Big Bird Eats Moon" sounds especially good (if good is what it's intended to be). Really, it all sounds like a delight to William S. Burroughs.

TALES FROM THE HOODED AARDVARK INN was a good fannish joke. The book reviews lagged a bit, but ROSES AND SUCH was a nice description of a guy trying to edit a science fiction fan magazine. He should have called it ROSE, apparently; remember THUNDER AND ROSES. You give me the impression that fans cannot take new ideological assaults on their minds.

The VIDICON article was good; see for reference my article on communications in PABLO LENNIS #3, and subsequent discussions of the subject by Chris Rock and Rod Snyder, oh yes and Reed Andrus. Your own feedback ideas are really getting to the heart of the subject.

That flying squirrel reminds me of Roscoe, seemingly the guiding light of my own fanzine. I think Roscoe's about due for a comeback. Joyce & Arnie Katz had a semblance of him on their SWOON, too.

On to Uncle Albert's, now you say ROSEBUD! Getting more obsessed with roses, eh? All this talk about Tucker reminds me of Bob Tucker - you may find somebody hoaxing you if this keeps up.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE reminds me of some of the worst fanfic



of the past, like FLESH AND FURY by Neil Wilgus, which appeared in SIGMA OCTANTIS. There are too many names like "Bwelf" and "Goob" in it.

INFORMING SOURCES reminds me of some guys trying to decode frantic radio messages. I must say it was an evocative sendoff that reminded me of being in this one midwestern town I used to live in, where I met some girl that reminds me of the eye-and-cigarette-smoking-lips that you've portrayed there; she talked about like the text. The following story, about the guy with the typewriter, again reminds me of some of the poorer quality fanfic of the past. Like the one about the drive-in cemetery that Randy Brown once printed.

All I have to say about your reviewer calling a Pohl and Kornbluth book a turkey is that he may have to beware of next Thanksgiving, and that's about all I have to say about the magazine too, except that the back cover could be captioned "The future lies ahead---hey, where's everybody going?"

Be glad to receive future copies, and I hope you like the contribution I've enclosed.

Best,  
John Thiel



Larry doesn't have to like your contribution. He has given me full responsibility for any fanfic appearing in this zine. Personally, I feel it is one of the finest pieces of totally depraved fan-nish gibberish that I've ever come across and, space permitting, I'll probably be running it in this ish.

Putting out this zine on a monthly basis is a great idea, except that I have enough troubles trying to get contributors to meet a three month deadline as it is. I suppose I could compensate

57

by writing most of the stuff personally, but I fear that might result in giving the impression (or creating the actuality) that I'm talking to myself, and Larry says I do enough of that already.

Well, kids, that wraps up another fine, informative and entertaining session with your Uncle Albert. So until next time, this is Uncle Albert wishing you all hot jets, a free Luna and DON'T FORGET CONFUSION PI, JAN. 13-15, 1978. ((Hmm, that's not what I was going to say.))





"COULDN'T YOU BIRDS SHOW UP ON TIME JUST ONCE?"

